was. When they beat him out of a hand he'd laugh fit to kill himself.

At the same time, you wouldn't live high

on all you could make out of Aggy on a stud-poker game. He was playing em right

down to cases, yet the way he talked, he

"You're welcome, boys!"
"there's plenty more of it."

whole sad story out of Ag.

THE AMERICAN

IS SHE LOSING THE BEAUTY THAT WAS ONCE A NATIONAL BOAST?

A Question Which, Lately, is Often Asked-Some Things Which Seem to Show a Tendency in That Direction.

Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, an elastic step and a good appetite are the birthright of every American girl. These are the conditions that denote perfect health. But, unfortunately, every day are seen girls with pale, sallow complexions, languid, round shouldered and listless, and the question is often asked whether the woman of today has lost the healthy beauty which was once a national characteristic. One of the most common afflictions of comankind is annemia, a watery condition of the blood This causes untold misery and often leads to other and even more serious diseases. It can be cured, however, as the following interview in the Harrisburg Star-Independent will show, Miss Annie L. Reel of No. 910 Green street, Harrisburg, Pa., who has been a sufferer from this trouble, in answer to a reporter's question, said:

Yes, I am entirely well now, but I was a very sick girl. About five years ago I had an unnatural craving for highly seasoned food and after that I was afflicted with headache and my heart would beat about twice as fast as it should. My limbs got so weak that I had to rest on every step when going upstairs. The color of my skin was like that of a dead person. My limbs, and, in fact, my whole body, would swell at times. The doctor who treated me said my complaint was anaemia. The doctor told me if I had let the disease go a few weeks longer I would have had dropsy. was under his care for several weeks, but with litthe change for the better."

How, then, were you so completely restored to boulth?" asked the reporter. "I had been sick for two months when Mrs. D. Wagner of Broad street advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I got a box of the pills immediately and began taking them. In about a week I was feeling better. The headache left me and I began to get stronger. I took the pills for six weeks and became thoroughly

"I suppose," said the newspaper man, "you are naturally quite pleased over the result." "Of course I am, and very grateful. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my relatives and friends and they say they were greatly benefited by them. I never fall to speak favorably of the pills to any one who talks to me

of not feeling well." The above statements of Mrs. Reel have been were to before Clinton M. Hershey, a notary pub-He of Harrisburg. Not only have many cases lar to this been cared by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but equally wonderful resulfs have been accomplished by them in a large number of diseases arising from thin blood or shatered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. They are a positive curfor such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, pulpitation of the heart, pale and sallow dexions and all forms of weakness either in nals or female. Dr. Williams' Piak Pills for Pale People are also a specific for troubles peculiar to males and all kinds of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from vorry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company,

IN THE CHURCHES

While it is considered to be too early to begin the discussion of the work to be done by the next general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, either as to its policy or the probable action it will take in carrying on the regular work of the church, the matter is beginning to receive attention in various quarters. Indeed there is a disposition to forecast what the necessities of the case will require as to the strength of the episcopacy and the nher of bishops to be elected. No one can foresee the exigencies that may arise in the three years yet to elapse, but there is no difficulty in recognizing the fact that ome of the bishops who are now both effective and efficient will not continue on years forbid the expectation that they will, nd some of them freely express themelves as having no thought of continuing

In view of what is above stated it has en suggested that it can not be improper anticipate at this early date the facts. they must soon appear to the whole de omination, for they necessarily suggest langes that are inevitable. oishops are growing old. Almost one half of the members of the board will have passed the line of seventy years when the general conference assembles. At least two will be approaching seventyine. One has expressed his intention to ctire, and it is not improbable that the her entertains thoughts of the same kind Both, if then living, will have spent thirtytwo years in the episcopacy, which will bring them near to the longest period ached by any bishop in the history of ie Methodist Episcopal Church, and it is ought to be not strange that they should ok forward to honorable retirement.

it is thought by many of the leaders of e denomination that the existing rule for iring bishops meets all the requirements case. When kindly and wisely aplied, it is urged, it works no hardships he excitement and unpleasant feelings neat arose when it was first carried into ffeet resulted, it is stated, from misunerstandings of its nature and misinterpretations of its necessity and design. It now better understood and its application is not likely to produce friction.

view of the advancing years of th acumbents of the office it is evident that eral will be added to the list of supernnuated bishops at the next general cor erence. Their places must be filled. It is of at all probable that any modification of duties of the office will be effected thich will render it expedient or possible to get along with fewer bishops in the de-nomination than there now are, nor is there much likelihood that a large increase the total number will be required.

It is understood that one result of the jubilee convention of Young Men's Christian associations, which closed at Boston Monday, will be an effort to raise \$1,000,000 as an endowment fund. If secured this amount will be used as a permanent fund to support the work of the international mmittee, pay the salaried officers of the and meet the expenses of the ciation's many publications.

The wonderful growth of the association and the spread of the movement to foreign lands have rendered most important of te the work of the international com-For the year just ended more \$15,000 was spent in furthering the cause in foreign lands, and the cost of disminating literature in this country alone

these items, together with other expenses necessarily entailed in carrying executive part of the movement, we been cheerfully borne by the associaion at large, the advantages of an ade

quate endowment are not to be gainsaid, and it is felt that the present time is ost auspicious to start the agitation for permanent fund of the size stated. Those rested in the movement express the beher that their efforts will be successful. eaking of the general assembly of the

Presbyterian Church, which met recently in Philadelphia, one who was present at nost of the sessions said to a Star re-

The assembly was a striking example of representative democracy in the sphere religion. It was composed of about 300 ministers and as many elders gathered m every section of the country between Porto Rico and Alaska. These 600 commissioners were duly elected to represent a constituency of more than a million communicants and perhaps three millions of

tion of a President could be more illustra-tive of popular institutions or more broad-American than the assembly referred to id finished culture, hailing from historic seats of learning, and elders who control and direct colossal business enterprises or preside in courts of justice, and other elders whose hands are horny with the oil of the farm and the workshop, and whose faces are rugged and homely and bronzed. There was a sprinkling of black men and a slighter sprinkling of red men, some of whom were born and reared in

These 600 men met on a common plane. They sat and deliberated in committees on

the basis of perfect equality, and every man of them knew that in the determination of every question his vote had the same value as the vote of any other. Together they joined in the fellowship of daily worship; together they reviewed and directed the church's world-wide work, and listened with rapt attention to a discussion of fundamental beliefs which for vigor and sustained interests is not often surpassed.

"The educational value of such an assembly is immense, and its unifying influence

upon the members of this widely distributed communion can hardly be measured, but greater still is its inspirational value. The isolated missionary on the Pacific slope, the plain elder from New Mexico or Dakota, went back to his home not only to tell his neighbors what he had see and heard, but with a fresh impulse to holy service, born of the consciousness that he belongs to a mighty spiritual organization which is girdling the world with centers of light and learning, and that back of him in his lonely and obscure toll are the sympathy and moral support of a million of banded believers."

Rev. Dr. A. P. Miller, paster of the Peo ple's Congregational Church, corner of 11th and R streets northwest, has tendered his resignation, to take effect October 1 next. The church is affiliated with the American Missionary Association, whose headquarters are in Boston, and the officers of the high-er body, it is expected, will be consulted as to the choice of Dr. Miller's successor.

One of the most interesting works connected with the diocese of Washington is the Deaf Mute Mission. The estimated number of adult deaf mutes in this city has for years been between fifty and seventy-five. Authentic records of the beginnings of reigious work among them are meager, but it seems that early in the 60's the attention of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who was just then inaugurating a plan for estab-lishing deaf mute missions in the more populous cities of the country, was directed them. The location of the Gallaudet College, then officially known as the National Deaf Mute College, at Kendall Green, a suburb of the city, lent additional interest to the situation, and Dr. Gallaudet deter-mined to establish a mission here for them. The Sunday school room in Ascension Church and often the church itself were placed at the disposal of the missions by Rev. J. H. Elliott, rector, whose interest in the work is known among the deaf everywhere. Services were held once or twice year by Dr. Gallaudet.

About the year 1884 the mission passed under the care of the Pennsylvania deaf mute commission, and its own missionary, Rev. Henry W. Syle, took charge. A few attempts were made by Mr. Syle to form a Bible class, and a class was formed with about a dozen members, but it was maintained only a few years. Upon the death of Mr. Syle in 1800 Rev. J. M. Koehler, his successor, took up the work and conducted it along the same lines. In January, 1898, the services were transferred from Ascension Church to St. John's parish hall, and December 2, 1900, from there to the chapel of Trinity Church. The average attendnce at Sunday services has increased to nineteen.

Why Evening Papers Pay Advertisers. From Pacific Coast Advertising.

It was a chilly night for southern California and I felt very comfortable before a glowing gas log.

An evening paper lay on my lap. I had read all the news that I was interested in and some of the ads. As I glanced down at the paper this line caught my eye:

"Paris, 4:30 p.m." It started a new train of thought. I picked the paper up and began a careful examination of it. I found another line which

London, 2 p.m. Another read: Manila, Other telegrams were dated from 1 to 6 clock in the afternoon, and I was sur-rised to find that the idea which impressed ie now had never occurred to me before. I returned the paper to my lap and be gan to think what it all meant as applied

to the advertising business. The ideas aranged themselves something like this: To begin with, the world-wide news serve, which covers important happenings up 5 o'clock or later, really includes the most important news of the day.

newspaper in the fullest sense of the word. intrinsic value of the news which it con-

This seems to be an irrefutable conclu-

Assuming that the morning paper is able to bring together an interesting lot of news which may have transpired after the close of the business day, is it as well read? answered the question from a personal standpoint and found myself forced to con-fess that the morning finds me in such a aurry to take up the work of the day that paper receives a mere glance.

I recall that this glance of the paper is obtained on the street car, where a great many others are engaged in the same way. I wondered if all the papers one sees on the cars are treated as mine is?

It receives a partial reading by one per

on, whereas our evening paper is peru n turn by each member of the family. At this point in my self-examination my wife entered the room, the last of the small

fry being safely tucked up, and I set about tting her ideas on the subject. Among other things I learned that I was eally a very inconsiderate husband, from the fact that I invariably stuck the morn-ing paper into my pocket when leaving the

"before any one has had a chance A little later I learned that Mary didn't are so very much, after all, as the evening saper gave her an opportunity to study the shopping news and the bargains for the following day at her leisure, and enabled her to plan the next day's work so as to make shopping excursion without seriously dis-

rranging matters. Between my own deductions and the comnents of my wife I felt very much like starting a campaign in the interest of the vening papers.

There are a great many advertisers who

know that evening papers pay, but who have never given any time to learning the eason why.
I think I discovered a few of the "Whys" that evening before the gas log.

... Curious Chinese Dentists. From the New York Herald.

A novel account of the manner in which Chinese dentists operate on their patients is contributed by a German naval surgeon who has just returned from Pekin. They use, he says, neither pincers nor

any other surgical instruments such as are

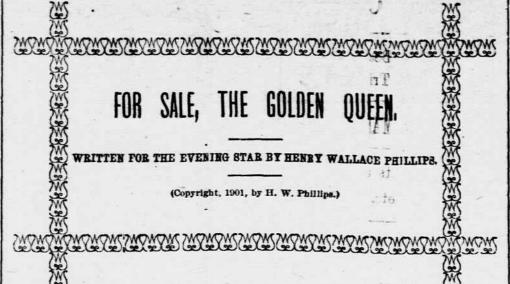
used in Europe, employing instead their fingers for the purpose of extracting teeth. This difficult operation they perform with a dexterity and skill that might well excite the envy of their American and European colleagues. The tooth which is to be extracted is grasped by the thumb and index finger and is then pulled out, the force ecessary for such work being equivalent to 100, 150 and sometimes 190 kilogrammes. The Chinaman who decides to become dentist practices this feat from his six-teenth year by pulling out from an ebony plank ivory pegs of various sizes, which have been firmly fixed in it. In this way he acquires a surprising knack, so that it becomes easy for him to draw out a molar or a wisdom tooth without ever obliged to make a second attempt. That his patients suffer during the operation is admitted, but it is claimed that their pain is of very brief duration.

For the purpose of cleaning his patient's teeth the Chinese dentist uses powder made from the bones of cuttle fish, which he applies by means of small bamboo instru-ments. His cure for toothache is a pill of opium and some oil of mint, which is to be

Of the art of filling teeth with gold or any other metal he is profoundly ignorant, nd whenever he has to deal with a decayed tooth which he cannot remove he satisfies himself by filling it with a paste

made of ordinary powder. The "Historical Novel." From Macmillan's Magazine,

Since life does not come to him, he goes rather dispiritedly in pursuit of life; instead of writing of what he has seen, he strains his eyes to see something that he may write about, no matter what. If we take. for example, the historical novel which for some years past has been so much in fashion, it would seem, judging of course from internal evidence only, that the novelist begins by selecting his epoch; the novelist begins by selecting his epoch; he then procures the best hundred and fifty books on the subject, and reads them care-fuly, notebook in hand; when he has learned the names of the principal personages of the time, and has jotted down turns of speech and specimens of costume appropriate to an archer or a highwayman or a damsel in distress, he adds a suitable proportion of scenery and dialogue and if possible a plot; and so the thing is done.



This is the story of the great Golden ing his work. You never see any such good-natured, old-fashioned patriarch as he Queen deal, as Hy Smith told it, after he had recovered his sanity in a manner that has since been a source of mingled amazement and suspicion to the honest and simple-minded gold hunters of the locality.

Aggy and me were snug up against it. One undeserved misfortune after another had come along and swatted us, till it ooked as though we'd have to work for a llying. But we plugged along at the Golden Queen, taking out about 30 cents a daycoarse gold, fortunately-and at last we had 'bout an ounce and a half. Then says Aggy:

"We could sell this mine, Hy, if we only put our profits in the right place."

"Yes," says I. "This is a likely outfit around here to stick a gravel bank on, ain't it? Good old Alder Gulch people, and folks from down Arizony way, and the like of that. Suppose you tried it on Uncle Peters, for instance-d've know what he'd say? Well, this 'ud be about the size of it: Unh, unh! Oh, man! Oh, dear me! That ain't no way to salt a mine, Ag! No, no! You'd orter done this, and that-that's the way we used to do in Californy-nice weather, ain't it? No, thanks-I don't care to buy no placer mines—lots of country left yet for the taking up of it—it's a mighty good mine, I admit—you'd better keep it.' That's what he'd say." Ag combed his whiskers with his fingers.

don't think we could close out to Uncle Peters," says he. "And if you tried some of the rest of 'em they'd walk on your frame for insulting their intelligence. Perhaps you was think-ing of inviting Pioche Bill Williams to take

look at the ground?"
"Well, no," says Aggy, slowly. "I don't think I'd care to irritate Bill-he's mighty areless with firearms. "I should remark. I ain't a cautious man myself in some ways, and I've met a stack of fellers that was real liberal in their idees, but for a man that takes no kind of

interest in what comes afterward, give me Pioche Bill. Oh, no, Aggy, we don't sell any placer mines in these parts." "I'll tell you what," says Ag. "Let's go up to town. Stands to reason there must be a mut or two up there-somebody just dying to go out and haul wealth out of the

"We're a good advertisement for the business. We look horrible prosperous, don't we?" says I.

The main deck of Ag's pants was made of a flour sack. I had a pretty decent pair, but my coat was one-half horse blanket other half odds and ends. Ag had a long-tailed coat he used to wear when he was doing civil engineering jobs. "We could fix one man out fairly well,"

"Yes, and the other would look like the losing side of a scarecrow revolution."
"Wait a minute," says he, "I'm thinking." So he sat and twisted his whiskers and

whistled through his teeth.
"I've got it!" says he. "The whole business right down to the dot! Darned if it ain't the best scheme I ever lit on! Here's what happened to us: We're two honest prospectors that have been gophering around The paper which prints this news is a this country for years, never touching a color, grub running low, and-well, there Such a paper will surely be read for the ain't any use bothering with that part now. can think it up when the time comes Here's the cream of the plant. We've had such a darn hard time of it that when at ast, under the extraordinary circumstances which I have recounted before, we light on the almost undiluted gold of the Golden Queen, your mind is so weakened that you can't stand the strain of prosperity. You're haunted with delusions that you're still a poor man, and I can't keep any decent clothes on you-fast as I buy 'em you tear Now I'm willing to sell the Golden Queen for the merely nominal sum of-what shall we strike 'em for? Five hundred? For five hundred dollars, then, so I can get out of this country to some place where my poor pardner will receive good medical

"And I'm the goat?" says I. "Well, I expected that. But do you expect anybody's going to swallow that guff. It's good. Agit would do fine in a newspaper, but can you find a man to trade five hundred hard iron dollars for it?"

Aggy drew himself up mighty proud. "I'll tell you what I've done in my day," says he. "I've made an intelligent man believe that the first story I told him wasn't so."
"I know you. Ag," says I. "and I believe you can make it go." Then we had to slide down and see if we could get a small loan of Uncle Peters, for we didn't have enough dust to finance salting our sandbank and pay for a trip to town, too. Ag would have it that we must do our turn for the old man. "It'll amuse him," says he, and he's more likely to come forward.' Truth of the matter was, when Aggy got one of his fine idees, he had to let the neighborhood in.

Well, sir, Uncle Peters was that pleased he forked over a cartridge full, without weighing it. My play was to look melancholy, and tear a slit in my clothes once in a while. I had to just make believe that part when we was rehearsing for the old man, as there wasn't enough material to be extravagant with.

So up to town we goes, and if you ever see a picture of hard luck on two feet, it

"I'm going to strike for a gambling joint," "You take a tin-horn gam, and he knows everything, and that's just the kind of man I'm looking for." So, when we hit town, Ag sails into the Palace Dance Emporium, where they had the games running in the middle of the place, between the lunch counter and the bar. He had nerve, had Agamemnon G.

"Hy," says he, "you'll have to watch the play a little. Mebbe you'd ought to change some, just as it happens. I'll have to do my lying according to the way the circumstances fall, so keep your eye peel-ed, and whatever you do, do it from the bottom of your neart. I can fix it so long as you don't queer me by shacking along

too easy." So saying he fixes the new necktie he'd bought down at the corner, tilts the new hat, a little and braces ahead. He could look more dressed up on 20 cents' of new clothes than some men could with a whole store behind 'em. When we got into the place the folks gazed at us some. Aggy was leading me

by the hand.
"There," says he, very gentle, "now sit down, and I'll tell you a story by and

I tore a hole in the coat, and mumbled to myself and sat down according to directions. Then Aggy walks up to where the stud

poker game was blooming.
"Gentlemen," says he, making them bow, "I trust it won't inconvenience you any to have my poor unfortunate pardner in your midst for awhile? I can't desert him, and I do like to play a little cards now and then.' "What's the matter with him?" asks the

Ag taps his head. "Violent?" says the dealer. Now, Ag didn't know just how he wanted to have it, so he didn't commit himself

to nothing. "Oh, I can always handle him," says he.
"Well, come right in," says the dealer.
"They're only a dollar a stack." "Well," says Ag, "Pll just invest in \$10 worth to pass away the time-you take dust, don't you?"

dust, don't you?

"I used to say I wouldn't take anybody's dust," says the dealer, being funny
with such a good customer, "but since I've
struck this country I've found I've gotter." Ag pulls out the old buckskin sack, that I hold enough to support quite a fam

would hold enough to support quite a family through the winter. It was stuffed with gravel stones.

"Oh, here!" says he, whilst he was fumbling with the strings. "No use to open that—I've got another package—what you might call small change." Then he digs up Uncle Peter's cartridge shell.

I want to tell you I had my own troubles keeping my face together while Ag was do-

truth for Ag). But if you don't know just where to start suppose we try an old miner's trick, that Mr. Johnson there, I make no doubt, has done a hundred times."

Johnson, he smiles hearty. "Yes, yes!
That old game!" says he. "I'd nearly forgot all about it—let's see—how is it you do it?"

"First you throw up a rock," says Ag.
"Oh, now I remember! Sure!" says Johnon. "You throw up a rock—" He stopped, smiling feeble and uncertain, waiting hear the rest of it.
"Suppose we let Mr. Daggett (that was

"Suppose we let Mr. Daggett (that was the tin horn) do the throwing?" says Aggy. "He's a new chum, and we fellers always feel they have the luck. You may think this is all foolish superstition," says he, turning to the gambler, "but I tell you honest there's a good deal in it," and that was the second true thing Ag said that

Daggett, he threw up the rock. "Now, go and stand over it." says Ag. Daggett goes over according, but he ain't ointed in the right direction.
"Now, you turn around three times."

But after he done it we weren't no better off than before, for the chump landed just as he had started.

Ag surveyed the ground.
"Now, you walk backward three steps, then four to the left, then back five more—ain't that it?" turning to Johnson. "That's it!" says Johnson, slapping his leg. "That's her! The same old game! Lord! how it all comes back to a feller!" "And just where you land, you dig," finishes Ag, handing Daggett a pick.
Daggett sinks the pick to the eye the

seemed like the most liberal cuss that ever threw good money away. Of course, they had to ask him about his pardner and the rest of it while the "Gosh!" says he. "Seems kind of soft rest of it whilst the cards were being shufhere!" "Is that so?" cries Aggy, highly excited.
"Then you've struck gold, for sure!" Having put it there himself, he felt reasonably fled, and a few inquiring remarks drew the "It's mighty tough," says he. "Hy's a fine-looking feller, when he's dressed de-

certain about it.

Well, they scraped up the bedrock, and Aggy offered to let Johnson pan it, but cent; but the sight of new clothes on him-



THEY CONCLUDED IT MIGHT BE AS WELL TO QUIET ME FIRST.

self makes him furious. He foams and rips | Johnson said he'd had to quit mining be till he's tore them to gun-wadding."
"Where did you say this here claim of yours was?" asks the dealer.
"Up on Silver creek-just below Mur-

phy's butte," answers Ag, politely.
Then that dealer put in a lot of foxy questions, making poor, innocent, unsus-pecting Aggy give himself dead away. He told how there wasn't time to look for a buyer that would pay the proper price, and buyer that would pay the proper price, and on that nice little yaller new moon in the corner of the pan, "Humph!" says the tenhe wouldn't know where to look, anyhow. corner of the pan, "Humph!" says the so he'd have to take the first man that of-derfoot; "don't you get any more gold that out of so much dirt. five hundred for the claim.

The dealer breathed hard and fairly shuffled the spots off the cards. 'Now," says he, "I sympathize with you -I understand just how you feel about your pardner. I'm the kind of man myself, that way. If I had a pardner in difficulties, I wouldn't mind what I lost on it so long's

I could fix him up."
Here's where I nearly choked to death, for if any man could get the price of a meal off that tinhorn, without sitting on his chest and feeding him with the dangerous end of a six-shooter, his face was one of the meanest tricks a deserving man ever had sprung on him.
"So if I was you," continued the dealer,

"I'd get him out of this country quick, and as for your claim, why, I don't mind if I held you out on that myself," he. "I don't want no mines; I wouldn't bother with it, only I see you're a good, kind-hearted man, and it's my motto that such people ought to be encouraged. what do you say if we start for a look at the territory this afternoon? Nothing like doing things up while you are at it." Aggy doing things up while you are at it." Aggy kind of scratched his head as if this hurry surprised him. "I didn't just think of let-ting it go so sudden," said he. "You know I'm kind of attached to the place."

"That's all foolishness," says the dealer. "Your poor pardner there wants attention -you can see that—and I don't believe you're the sort of man to let him go on suffering when there ain't no need of it! "No," says Aggy, thoughtfully, "that's

"And would you mind," says the dealer. his hand fairly trembling to get hold of it, "just letting me have a squint at that gunny sack full of dust you have in your clothes?" I didn't require any hint from I didn't require any hint from Ag that it was my play to be violent. With one loud holler I landed on my ear on the floor and kicked the poker table on top of the dealer. More'n a half dozen men hopped on to me, and we had it for fair all over the place. I gave 'em the worth of their time before they got me in the corner.
"Whew!" says Aggy, wiping his brow,
"this is the worst attack he's had yet."

"Just what I was telling you," says th dealer, very confidential and earnest. "Yo want to get him away from here quick— I've had some experience in those kind of cases, and when I see your friend's face cases, and when I see your friends face I knew you wanted to get a move on."
"It's dreadful, ain't it?" says Ag. "I believe you're in the right about it—but, say, I feel that I'd ought to pay for the lamp he busted."

erous as could be. "Not at all! That's an accident might have happened to any gentleman. Now, I'll just take a friend along, and we'll sall right out to your place. Can you drive there?"
"Oh, yes!" says Aggy. "The roads ain't anything extra, but you can make it all

"Not at all," says the dealer, as gen-

So away goes the four of us that afternoon. Ag and me, we felt leary of the fourth man at first. He let on to be considerable of a miner, but after a bit we

siderable of a miner, but after a bit we kind of sized him up.
"Did you ever," says Aggy whilst they was talking this and that about mines, "did you ever run your pay dirt through a ground-sluice rocker that was fitted up with double amalgam plates, top and bottom, and had the apron sewed on to a puddle board that slanted up instead of down?"

lown?"
"Why, sure!" says that feller, judging "Why, sure!" says that reller, judging from Aggy's tone of voice that this was the proper thing to do, "We didn't use to handle our dirt no other way out in Uckle-Chuckle county."
"Is that so?" cries Aggy, very much surprised. "Well, do you know that very few

people do?"
"It makes me tired," answers the man in a knowing way, "to think of the way some folks mines. Now that you've called

my attention to it, I don't recollect that lye heard of anybody using a ground-slulce rocker the way you speak of, since I left old Uckle-Chuckle county." And nere I got a little violent again, because here I got a little violent again, because I can't conceal my feelings as well as Ag. I had to have several attacks on the way out when Ag was brought to close quarters, but we did pretty well on the trip.

"Well, gentlemen, there's the Golden Queen!" says Aggy when we turned the bend in the creek. "Seems funny that such an uninteresting-looking heap of rocks. such an uninteresting-looking heap of rocks and stuff as that should be a gold mine,

cause his hands got so sore swinging a pan, so Daggett he kind of scrambled the out after a fashion, and there at the bottom was our ounce and a half of gold! Well, I want to tell you there was some movement around there. We weren't in the same fix of a friend of mine who load-

Four ounces to the pan only means about a hundred thousand dollars a day income. "Gooramighty!" says my friend, plumb disgusted. "I'd have had to borrow all the dust there is on the creek to satisfy you-did you think it was all gold?".

It broke my heart to see the way that man Daggett washed the fine gold into the creek, but he was familiar enough with handling the dust to know that an ounce

was good money, even if it did look small. He turned pale and begun to dig for dear life. There was no prying him Well, that's a point Aggy hadn't counted on. He managed to slide over near me. on. He managed to slide over near me.
"For heaven's sake, Hy!" he whispers, "fly lown to Uncle Peter's and get some more dust, or we're ruined! I'll put it in the pan somehow, if you'll only get it here! Hold the old man up if you have to—but

get that dust!" I begun to holler very melancholy and prance around. By-and-by I pulled my freight loose and careless down creek. "Say!" says Johnson, "there goes your friend, Mr. Jones! Shall I ketch him?" says Aggy, "let him alone ne's used to it around here-he'll be back

right away again."

When I got out of sight I humped for "Sure!" says the old man when I told him our troubles. "Take the whole blahst-ed clean-up, Hy. We honest men hes got to stand by each and one another-don't let that rascally tinhorn escape!"

So I grabbed Uncle Peter's hard-earned

savings and hustled back again. As soon as I got in good view of the out-fit I knew something was wrong by the look of Ag's face, but what it was got me, for there was both them fellers in the hole now, digging dirt like all possessed. Dag-As soon as I got in good view of the out. gett had busted his suspenders, and the ther lad's coat was ripped up the back; but they didn't care; they were mauling the fair face of nature like genuine lunatics, and cussing and swearing in their hurry.

"Well, what's the matter with Ag?" thinks I. "Them fellers ain't got on yet, that's certain," but he looked as if he'd swallowed a stroke of lightning the wrong way. Never see a man-particular a man with Aggy's nerve-look so like two cents on the dollar. I didn't have tious in my approach, as our friends were too busy to notice me.

"What the devil's loose, Ag?" says I.
"Oh, nothing," says he. "Nothing much!

They're taking it out by the hatful, that's I looked, and sure enough! There was the pan with a small-sized shovelful of yaller boys in it—pieces that would weigh up to \$10, some of them. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Where'd they get it?" says I.

"Out of the claim," says Aggy.

I nearly fell dead. "Out of the claim!"

I yelled in a whisper. "Go on! Your whiskers are growing in!"

"Straight goods," says Ag, "and I had to stand here and see them do it! The Golden Oueen is all my fonce posited her

Golden Queen is all my fancy painted her. The second pass that ice pick-faced mut made he brought up a chunk as big as a biscuit. 'Is that gold?' says he. 'Oh, yes!' says I. 'That's gold!' The truth come out of me before I thought—it knocked me to see that chunk. First time I ever made such a break-well-well. Why didn't it occur to me to try the taste of that piece of ground before I put in my flavoring? I was so d-d sure there wasn't \$13 worth in the whole twenty acres! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! To sprinkle a pocket that's near half gold with a little old pinch of dust is one of them ridiculous and ex-travagant excesses that my friend Shakespeare mentions! If there was a lily around here I'd paint it, so's to go the

"What in the name of all the Mormon gods are we going to do?" says I.
"Leave me think," he answers. And
again he pulls*his whiskers and whistled through his teeth.

There came a horrible yell from the hole. Daggett held up what seemed like a yaller potato. "Hooray!" says he. "Ain't that a humming bird?"

"You want to think quick," says I. feel something like murder rising in my

"By gosh!" says Ag, snapping his fin-gers, "I've got her! Come to, you son-of-a-gun! Come to!" "How's that?" I asked, not just tumbling exactly. "Come to!" says Ag. "Regain your scat-

tered intelligence! How in blazes can I sell, then, without your consent?" "Right you are! I'm off!" says I. And with that I cut loose. "Help!" howls Aggy; "help!" The two fellers were too busy to want to stop, but after I sent a brace of rocks in their direction, they concluded it might

be as well to quiet me first. Lord! How I did carry on! I gave Ag the wink and pulled for the creek, and it was not long before, with Aggy's help, in we all three went, ker-sock. They pulled me out and laid me on the bank, insensible "He's dead, I reckon," says Daggett.
"No," says Aggy, "I can feel his pulse
beat, but it does seem to me there's a different look in his face somehow."

Then I opened my eyes.
"Why, Agamemnon," says I, "what am Why, Agamemnon, says I, what am I doing here?"
"Hush!" says he, "you ain't been well."
"Dear me! You don't say!" And I rubbed my forehead with my hand.

"But I feel all right now-have I been this way long?" "Nigh on to six months, Hy, old horse;

don't you remember about that?"

"Certainly," says I. "It seems like yesterday; i's as clear—but who are these people?"

Aglet on to be Ag let on to be very much embarrassed. "Well," says he, "why-hunh-why-to tell you the truth, I thought I ought to get you

out of the country, to where you could see an expensive doctor, and these are some folks I brought down to buy the claim— you being sick, you know!"
"Buy the claim!" I hollers, jumping up. "Buy the claim? What's this you're giv-ing me? After all my toils and hardships and one thing and another, to sell the Golden Queen? Well, I want you to un-

derstand that nobody buys this claim, except across my dead body," says I.

Aggy, he looks completely dumfoundered. "My! This puts me in an awkward fix," he says. "Gentlemen, you see how I'm up against it? I can't sell without my pard ner's consent, now he's in his right mind; and, as far as that goes, the only reason I wanted to sell is removed. The dicker's off, that's the long and short of it." Oh, how pleased that tin-horn looked!

He swallowed three times and got red in the face before he answered a word. "This may be all right, but it looks mighty queer to me," he growls. "The ways of Providence is past under-standing," says Aggy, taking off his hat. "To our poor human minds it does seem queer, no doubt. Now, Mr. Daggett," he continues, waving his arm in that broadminded style he had, "I'm sorry things has come out this way for your sake, although a man that has such a sympathizing nature as you will soon forget his own disappointment in the geenral joy that envelops this camp. And to show you there's nothing

small about me, you can have any one of those chunks you dug out this afternoon that don't weigh over two dollars." Daggett sent the chunk to a place where it would melt quick, and then he expressed a hope that we'd follow it. With that he hopped into his go-cart and pulled for town, larruping the poor horse sinful. We had the pleasure of seeing the animile turn the outfit into the gully in return for the compliment. They scrambled in again and disappeared from view. Then Aggy reach-

ed out his hand to me.
"Don't tell me nothing but the plain truth, old man," says he; "I can't bear the plainest kind of truth. nothing except the plainest kind of truth, but on your sacred word of honor ain't your Uncle Ag a corker?"

"Aggy," says I, "I ain't up to the occasion. There ain't a man on earth could do credit to your qualities but yourself."

Then he shook hands mighty hearty.

Beyond.

Lowell O. Reese in San Francisco Bulletin. Why should I mourn? The leaf unheeded falls; The iron pillar disappears in rust; Time lays his hand upon the castle walls— They stlent sink and crumble into dust!

Why should I grieve? Mysterious-alon Unknown I came—unknown I'll pass away!

And in departing for the Great Unknown,
Leave naught behind my journey to betray.

Why should I care? The ages that are past Sent forth their best beyond the silent veil; Why should I, then, when launching forth at last Draw back in fear to face the Boatman pale? Why should I weep? Death follows after Life, As doth the night the day! The awful law Has found it good to end some day the strife.

And o'er the scene Death's mystic curtain draw Why should I shrink? No portal bars the way; No grisly want frights hope away from me; When out among the spheres on that great day, My loosened spirit leaps—I shall be free?

"I understand that Noitall says your new "I don't mind him." quietly remarked the artist; "he never had an opinion of his own. He merely repeats what others say." -Philadelphia Times.

LUXURY IN DIET,

The Rich Man Not So Much Better Off Than the Poor One.

From the Lancet. Of course, the wealthy man pays a good deal more for his breakfast, luncheon and dinner than does the poor man, but is Dives, physiologically and physically speaking, any better for it? We doubt it.

Plain food is, on the whole, more acceptable to the economy than are rich morsels. It is questionable whether from the strictly nutritive point of view champagne and oysters are after all in health an advance upon ginger beer and cockles, whether tur-tle is preferable to calf's head, or caviar to soft herring roe, or plovers' superior to the ordinary eggs of the barndoor bird. But there is a vast difference between the price of champagne, say ten shillings a botprice of champagne, say ten similings a bottle, and ginger beer at a penny a bottle, and between oysters at three shillings sixpence a dozen and cockles at fifty for a penny, and between turtle soup at ten shillings sixpence a pint and calf's-head soup

at sixpence a plateful.

We shall be pretty correct in stating that the man who buys common eggs inthat the man who buys common eggs in-stead of plovers' eggs, and calf's head in-stead of turtle, and a pigeon instead of a partridge, is the gainer, at any rate from the economically nutritive point of view. In other words, the price of an article of food by no means sets upon it its food value, and the difference represented between the price of champagne and ginger beer, be-tween that of oysters and cockles, etc. in tween that of oysters and cockles, etc., is the price paid for pleasing the palate, which extravagance is probably the penalty of a mental rather than of a bodily demand. But physiologically it is akin to substi-tuting diamonds for coals in the steam en-

gine. Luxurious foods are, strictly speaking, creature comforts, while plain foods are bodily necessities. It must be admitted, however, that, as a rule, choice-tasting game and meats are necessarily tender and therefore easy of assimilation. But clearly there must be a limit to the appropriation of food by the body, and this limit may be reached just as easily by good, plain and tender food as by food of a rarer sort. According to this view there must be great physiological extravagance going on from day to day. In the matter of bever-ages the same sort of extravagance occurs. Enormous prices are given for a particular choice wine, but here, again, it is practically certain that the human economy gains

little or nothing by it.

Does the man who drinks a claret of choice vintage at, say, ten shillings a bottle derive any material advantage over the man who drinks his shilling bottle of via ordinaire? It is doubtful. In any case, the prices asked for wine at big hotels are so monstrously high and the wine offered is so often bad that this fact alone accounts for an increasing demand for whisky as a dinner beverage. There is obviously con-siderable physiological sin and wantonness committed in the choice of food and in the quantity consumed.

Fashions for Girls and Boys. From Harper's Bazar.

The sailor suit looks especially well made in white duck or pique, with a broad sailor cellar of blue linen or flannel. For yachting and for regular hard wear in summer at the watering places this style of frock is an excellent one for young girls, as it launders well, and has no trimming that can be injured. But it should never be worn for anything but in the morning, as it is emphatically a serviceable fashion and not one that is in the least picturesque. Frocks of dotted muslin are fashionable this year for young girls as well as older women. The fine polka dots in white are the smartest and there needs to be very little trimming with lace—that is, there is no necessity for lace insertion; if the flounces and ruffles are trimmed with narrow lace, that is allsufficient, and the lace need not be of an expensive quality. Dotted muslin is not a cheap material in itself, because the coarser qualities are not a good investment; but so much can be saved on the trimming that in the end the frock can be counted among the reasonably cheap ones. For young girls these frocks look better worn over white lawn under dresses, but a color may be used if desired, and an entirely different effect may thus be gained. With an all-white a variety is made by the sash and ribbons that are worn. These may be of or satin, if so desired, but the best of all are the soft peau de sole ribbons that this year come in such at-

tractive shades. Caught Red-Handed.

From the Chicago News. "We believe you to be the guilty man, hissed the great sleuth

"I am innocent," retorted the accused. "But those red stains on your hands? They are surely blood." "No, sir; lithograph lnk. I started to read the art supplement of a Sunday paper

while I was perspiring." "It seems strange that such an old man should be in love with me." "Yes, doesn't should be in love with me." Usually they are after some young



A summer favorite in the beautiful Manile straw with cock's plumes and soft scarf



"It Saved My Life."

Willard, Ill., August 1, 1900. I was in bad health this spring and could not sit up in bed for four weeks. When I was confined my child died. When I began to sit up I felt so weak and had such terrible pains in my back and hips. I had kidney trouble, heart trouble and falling of the womb. I also had hysterical spells. I was in a bad condition when I received your "Ladies' Birthday Almanac" and read the advertisement of Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught. Since April 20th I have taken four bottles of Wine of Cardui and three packages of Thedford's Black-Draught. I feel like a new person now. I can do all my work and can walk out to see any of my neighbors. I believe I would have been in the grave had it not been for Wine of Cardui. It SAVED MY LIFE. Mrs. ALICE DAVIS.

It is well that women are more patient than men. Few men could bear the bitter pangs, the agony and distress that women endure. Thousands of women have come to look upon suffering as a duty of their sex. But there are many instances of this heroic fortitude which

WINE OF CARDU

now renders unnecessary. Women need no longer suffer for modesty's sake. Wine of Cardui brings relief to modest women in the privacy of their homes. Many of the best homes in this city are never without this medicine. It cures "whites" and falling of the womb and completely eradicates these dragging periodical pains. Mrs. Davis' cure shows you conclusively what you may expect if you follow her example and take Wine of Cardui. Thedford's Black-Draught aids Wine of Cardui by regulating the stomach and bowels. When you ask your druggist for these medicines, be sure you get them. It was Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught that saved Mrs. Davis' life. Never take a substitute.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga Tenn.